MARVEL

FALL OF X

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LGY#661

DUGGAN
DI VITO
VALENZA

60 YEARS

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

WHEN MULTIBILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TONY STARK, INVENTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, DONS HIS SOLAR-CHARGED, STEEL-MESH ARMOR, HE BECOMES A HIGH-TECH WARRIOR–THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS...

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

"THE HONEYMOON IS OVER"

PREVIOUSLY...

The mutant-hating industrialist Feilong has used Stark Unlimited to produce mutant-hunting Sentinels with Iron Man technology! Tony Stark tried to stop these Stark Sentinels from going into production, but Feilong threw obstacles in his path by framing his best friend, Rhodey (A.K.A. War Machine), for murder and issuing a cease and desist to our hero, claiming ownership of the Iron Man technology.

Simultaneously, Feilong and the anti-mutant think tank Orchis have forced most of the mutants to flee Earth. Emma Frost has teamed up with Tony to take down Feilong and Orchis.

Step one in their master plan? Joining Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime, in forming the new Inner Circle of the Hellfire Club. Step two? Getting married! Step three? Telepathically stealing info from Feilong. And step four? Why, going on a glamorous celebrity honeymoon, of course!

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IRON MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER, DON HECK & JACK KIRBY

You would think that a chapter dedicated to my honeymoon in my autobiography would be ill-advised, but I think this is pretty exciting stuff.

I was married. We'd arrived on the north shore of Oahu to be seen on our honeymoon.

And my wife had slipped into one of her old aliases as easily as she ever slipped into any of those outfits from her galas.

I never got a chance to surf, but I took a lesson and the instructor's dog was a big fan.

ARE WE NOT WORRIED THAT SOMEONE WILL SEE PAST MY DISGUISE?

YOU KEEP THOSE GLASSES ON, AND NOBODY WILL *EVER* RECOGNIZE YOU, EMMA.

Now that I was married, I was boring. Not worth a second look. Being newlyweds gave us the time for what we needed.

ARE YOU READY TO GET IT ON?

YOUR ARMOR.

THANK YOU, DEAR.

I OWE IT TO YOU TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE TAKING AN UNNECESSARY RISK.

THIS NEW METAL OF YOURS-- MYSTERIUM...

...IT'S WORTH THE RISK.

IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, IF I'M CAUGHT, IF I'M KILLED-- JUST WALK AWAY... HAZEL, HELLFIRE, LET IT ALL BURN. BECOME SOMEONE ELSE AND JUST DISAPPEAR.

THAT WOULD BE A SHAME, AS I'M GROWING A BIT FOND OF HAZEL. HER HAIR IS CERTAINLY EASIER TO MAINTAIN.

AH, YES. GOOD EVENING.

WOULD YOU SEND UP A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AND AN OMAKASE DINNER? AND A CHOCOLATE VOLCANO CAKE.

CIAO.

APPEARANCES, ETCETERA, ETCETERA.

AND NOW FOR MY DISAPPEARANCE.

EMMA...I'M SORRY. I'VE ONLY NOW REALIZED HOW HARD THIS WILL BE FOR YOU.

YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS?

IF THIS MISSION IS TOO DIFFICULT, I CAN GO IT ALONE.

I'M MADE OF STERNER STUFF THAN THAT, ANTHONY.

YOUR GLASSES ARE WORKING PERFECTLY. I SEE EVERYTHING THROUGH YOUR ARMOR'S HEADS-UP DISPLAY.

We chose Hawaii not just because we could do so on our limited budget, which, to our mutual chagrin, we were not used to being on, but I digress…

The *real* reason we chose Hawaii was its proximity to the main island of **Krakoa.**

To be safe, I dove beneath the waves to breach the "living" island. At the risk of seeming obtuse, on approach I was thinking, isn't every island living?

But to see Krakoa with your own eyes, it was a marvel. I know how Emma and the mutants felt.

Seeing your creations ruined is a bitter taste that you can never truly be free of.

I could completely cloak the Mark Nil at a high-power cost, but what I couldn't do is cloak any of the exhaust from my propulsion.

I played it safe and went slow, the old-fashioned way-- one boot-jet in front of the other.

ANTHONY, YOU'RE IN HELLFIRE BAY. AT THE TOP OF THOSE STAIRS, YOU WILL REACH AN ATRIUM IN MY HOME...

...THE WHITE PALACE.

MY RESIDENCE IS...WAS AT THE TOP OF THE STRUCTURE.

I TOOK POSSESSION OF A MODEST AMOUNT OF THE METAL THAT WAS MEANT TO BE TURNED INTO GIFTS BY **FORGE**.

IF THE MYSTERIUM HASN'T BEEN FOUND AND CONFISCATED YET, IT WILL BE IN THE LARGER OF MY WALK-IN CLOSETS.

WELL, I'M LOSING HOPE, BECAUSE IT'S NOT ON MY SPECTROMETER, AND I THINK WE MAY HAVE SOME TROUBLE--

--ORCHIS IS HERE.

YOU TWO WAIT HERE. WE'VE LOST TOO MANY OPERATIVES TO LET OUR GUARDS DOWN...

OH MY GOD. THERE ARE ORCHIS APES?!

INDEED THERE ARE, DARLING, AND DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM. MY UNDERSTANDING IS THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH PhDs.

WONDERFUL.

JUST DOWN THAT CORRIDOR.

WOW. KRAKOA GREW ALL OF THIS FOR YOU?

YES...

...I ASKED VERY NICELY.

LOOK FOR A TRUNK WITH WHITE THIGH-HIGH BOOTS ON THE TOP.

ANTHONY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE INVISIBLE TO THE INTELLIGENT APE?

UH...EVEN IF IT'S THE WORLD'S MOST INTELLIGENT APE, IT'S STILL UP AGAINST--

FEILONG TUNED OUR SATELLITES TO FIND A NEW ELEMENT AND AN ANOMALOUS READING ON A SATELLITE SPECTROMETER BROUGHT ME HERE. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU.

WHERE IS THE WHITE QUEEN, IRON MAN?

AARGH!

SORRY, WHO?

I JUST SAW THE SIGNS ABOUT AN ESTATE SALE.

NO JAPES!

NO JAPES FOR APES-- UGHN!

FEILONG WILL BE SO DISTRESSED THAT HIS LITTLE PET C.E.O. HAS BEEN LYING AND STILL WEARS A SUIT OF ARMOR.

I DID TELL YOU THIS WOULD BE A DISASTER.

I KNOW, I KNOW.

MULTIPLE PhDs.

OKAY, OKAY.

FEILONG PROMISED US YOU WERE UTTERLY DEFEATED, STARK.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOOD AT PLAYING POSSUM.

I THINK I SMELL SOME POSSUM ON YOUR BREATH.

BWEEM!

AARGH!

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO DISCUSS POSSUMS WITH APES. AND, UH, I'M NOT TONY STARK.

I'M A *VEGETARIAN*, YOU DAMNABLE LOUT!

IF YOU'RE NOT STARK, THEN STEP OUT OF THAT ARMOR-- AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FAN OF THE WHITE QUEEN?

I WAS GOING TO MAKE ALL OF THIS TIE-DYE?

YOU'RE NOT EVEN AS FUNNY AS FEILONG SAID YOU WERE.

WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE BECAUSE I'M NOT STARK.

ZARK!

FWOOSH!

WHUBB!

I THINK PERHAPS I'LL TASTE MEAT AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES.

I'LL CRACK THAT ARMOR AND RIP THE MEAT RIGHT OUT AS THOUGH YOU WERE A LOBSTER.

OKAY, NOW THINGS ARE GETTING KIND OF WEIRD. LET'S REMEMBER YOU HAVE A PhD. HERE'S A LESSON IN GRAVITY.

GIMME YOUR HAND!

GET AWAY!

Nobody wakes up and intends to kill a great ape. It's just…something that *happens*.

WELL, BABE. I DID PROMISE YOU A HELL OF A HONEYMOON.

EMMA? YOU OKAY?

I'LL BE FINE.

DARE I ASK... IS THE METAL THERE?

LET'S SEE IF WE'RE HAPPY.

OH YEAH. WE'RE HAPPY.

EMMA, I FOUND SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT.

LEAVE IT.

For Mum

IT'S PHYSICAL EVIDENCE I DON'T NEED BACK IN THE HELLFIRE CLUB.

PERHAPS IT BELONGS WITH ALL THE OTHER RUBBLE.

UNDERSTOOD.

IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, I THINK THESE GLASSES HAVE GIVEN ME A MIGRAINE.

SIGN OFF. AND SEE YOU SOON.

I only had boots on the ground for a few minutes on the island, but I was left with the strangest sensation that I was not alone.*

*HE'S RIGHT--SOMEONE IS PROTECTING THE ISLAND! SEE IMMORTAL X-MEN FOR DETAILS! --DS

It wouldn't be until much later, after the trial, that I would even understand how much danger I was in. But the Hawaiian honeymoon had been a success.

I had a baby to bring into the world. The Mark 72 was ready to step off the computer and become a reality.

Back at the Hellfire Club, the games continued. I played possum…

…better than I played cards.

The only place I wanted to be was at my workbench.

No, not that one.

I had a workbench.

KLIKK

WHIRR

I'd become as invisible as the Mark Nil. Boring in real life and exciting in my designs.

The machine I'd liberated from Stane International was working perfectly.

I'd managed to shape the mysterium into an ordinary cane.

It was something I wanted to test before I trusted it with my life.

HMM. VERY NICE.

It was time to visit some old friends.

I went straight over to the Jarvis Lounge.

UGHN!

C'MON, CAROL. PUT SOME EFFORT INTO IT. THIS IS IMPORTANT.

DAMMIT.

I CAN'T EVEN GET IT TO BEND A LITTLE.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

IT'S THE *FUTURE.*

We all have friends we don't talk about for one reason or another. After Captain Marvel failed to make a dent in my future plans…

…I visited a friend who shall rename nameless, but trust me…

BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH!

…the man could be as destructive as the Hulk if he wanted to be.

TONY, I'M ACCUSTOMED TO FRUSTRATION WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT--BUT THIS IS JUST BEYOND THE PALE.

I CAN'T EVEN CAST A SIMPLE *LEVITATION* SPELL ON THIS CANE. THE SPELL I JUST HIT IT WITH SHOULD HAVE ATOMIZED IT.

My friend was also ineffective against this new element.

THANKS FOR WIGGLING YOUR FINGERS AT MY CANE, DOCTOR STRANGE. I APPRECIATE THE HELP WITH MY LITTLE SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.

TONY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU DO EITHER. PLEASE USE CAUTION.

YOU KNOW ME, STEPHEN. CAUTION'S MY MIDDLE NAME.

AND THANKS FOR KEEPING THIS BOOK SAFE. IT'S NOT AS DANGEROUS AS THE REST OF YOUR LIBRARY--

--BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO A FRIEND, AND SHE CAN'T HAVE IT RIGHT NOW.

ONE OF US WILL BE BY FOR IT.

HELLO, SPIDER-MAN.

I WAS HOPING MY "SINISTER SIGNAL" WOULD GET YOUR ATTENTION.

VERY FUNNY, TONY.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU. MY CONDOLENCES ON YOUR BANK ACCOUNT.

WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE PAUPER?

I called upon a friend who has a form of extrasensory perception that I've never quite been able to explain.

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP ME WITH A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.

I'D LOVE TO!

YOU KNOW, EVERYONE SEEMS TO FORGET THAT I HAVE A PRETTY ROBUST AND IMPRESSIVE SCIENCE BACKGROUND. EVERYONE ALWAYS ASKS YOU OR REED OR BLUE MARVEL.

NOBODY EVER THINKS OF *ME* AS A SCIENCE HERO. WHAT DO I NEED TO DO?

JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND I'LL DO THE REST.

GOTCHA.

THEY CLOSED?

YEP. DO YOU WANT ME TO--?

KRAK!

OW!

WHAT THE HELL, DUDE?!

HOLY COW!

WAIT A SEC! MY SPIDER-SENSE DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING!

WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?

IT'S...

...A WEAPON.

YOU GONNA HIT ALL THOSE SENTINELS IN THE SHIN WITH THAT THING?

AS A MATTER OF FACT... *YES.*

THAT IS *EXACTLY* MY PLAN.

AT A TIME AND PLACE OF MY CHOOSING.

COOL. AM I INVITED?

YES. EVERYONE WILL KNOW MY SIGNAL WHEN THEY SEE IT, AND EVERYONE HARMED BY FEILONG AND ORCHIS WILL BE AVENGED.

NEXT: IRONHEART RETURNS

#12: THANKSGIVING WITH THE RESISTANCE!

Tony Stark is a genius billionaire playboy philanthropist. His wife is a brilliant, brutal telepath. But neither of them has an answer to the Stark Sentinel problem. To solve that, Tony's going to have to go to the smartest person he knows: IRONHEART! But with everything on the line, can Tony still trust her, or have the Mandarin's Rings changed Riri?

EMAIL US AT **MHEROES@MARVEL.COM** AND MARK "**OKAY TO PRINT**"!

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KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA